

*The Mourner's Complaint considered,
and applied.*

131.
IN A
FUNERAL DISCOURSE
FOR

Mr. *WILLIAM BELDAM*,

Who died of the *SMALL-POX*, *December 29, 1741*;
In the 26th Year of his Age.

By *THOMAS GIBBONS*, Sen.

To which are added,
An *ELEGY*, and some other *Poetical Pieces*, on the
same Occasion. By *THOMAS GIBBONS*, Jun.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Sermon of my Father appears now to the World exactly the same as in the First Edition. The Elegy I have in some Places altered; and I have added to it two or three more Pieces, which were written on the same Occasion, and about the same Time. The Acceptation, and long since compleat Sale of the first Impression, have encouraged this second Edition; and it is sent forth to publick View with an earnest Desire, that all Readers, and especially the Younger of them, would go and do likewise. Luke x. 37. Mr. Beldam I was exceedingly intimate with; and should any imagine the Idea these Sheets give of him, is too bright and ornamental, many religious Letters, which I received from him, and many Papers of his, that are still preserved, might be produced to prove, that Mr. Beldam's Soul, and the Picture here drawn of him, were both of a Colour; not to mention that Esteem and Love his unblameable Walk had universally raised among those that knew him. And was it not that the Letters had so much of personal Experiences in them, and were written only from one Bosom-Friend to another, I should have taken the Liberty to have communicated them to the World. I
have

have been a sincere and hearty Mourner for the Loss of this excellent Person, and my dear Friend, ever since his Death; and the Memory, the pleasant and melancholy Memory of him, will, I question not, accompany me to the Grave: And, methinks, I feel a most powerful Argument why I should be more in Love, and Pursuit of the heavenly State, from the Consideration, that I have parted with my dear Companion thither. May the Lord grant, that the Division and Distance, that have been made betwixt us by his Death, may be healed again by mine! That God would raise up a new Seed for himself from the rising Generation, and thereby secure amongst us his Glory, which seems to be departing, and his Church, now visibly and generally languishing, is Prayer of

June 25, *a compassionate Lover of Souls,*
1746.

THOMAS GIBBONS, Jun.



JOHN xi. 32.

The latter Part of the Verse — *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died.*

TH E S E Words, I am ready to think, will not be looked upon as ill-chosen to the present Purpose, when they are considered in the Reference they bear to the Context; but in order to throw a Light upon the Suitableness of the Passage to the present Occasion, and thereby to open a Way to the Consideration of the Text itself, we shall premise a few Things from the Story we have given us in this Chapter of *Lazarus*; his Sickness; and his Death.

And, *First*, As to *Lazarus* himself: He was by no Means of the lowest Rank, in all Probability but young in Life, and one greatly beloved and respected; so that he had not only a large Share in the Love and Affections of his Relations; but also he was greatly valued by the whole Neighbourhood; since some of the *Jews* who were very far from being hearty Lovers of the Followers of Christ, came almost two Miles to comfort *Mary* and *Martha* the Sisters of *Lazarus* *, on the Death of their worthy Brother. But more than this, *Lazarus* was held in great Esteem among the Disciples †; and what crowned all, he was highly beloved by Christ himself ‡. Thus we see that *Lazarus* inherited the Blessing, which the Royal Preacher tells us, *is rather to be chosen than great*

* John xi. 19,

† — 16.

‡ — 36.

Riches;

Riches *; and which he in another Place rates at higher Value, *than precious Ointment* †.

Secondly, Notwithstanding all these Excellencies both of Nature and Grace in *Lazarus*; yet he was so visited with Sickness, that in very few Days after his being seized with the Distemper, whatever (the Distemper was), we are told he died ‡. How was that Passage verified in *Lazarus's* Case: *All Flesh is Grass, and all the Goodliness thereof is as the Flower of the Field* ||. And how great an Evidence was there given to the Truth of these Words: *That the Righteous, and the Wise, and their Works are in the Hand of God: no Man knows either Love or Hatred, by all that is before them; all Things come alike to all, there is one Event to the Righteous, and to the Wicked; to the Good and to the Clean, and to the Unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the Good, so is the Sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an Oath* **.

Thirdly, And lastly, we find that the Issue of this Providence was to God's Glory, to the Honour of his Son, and to the Comfort of the Mourners. And, O! let us all this Day have our Hearts going out in solemn Prayer, that of our heavenly Father's rich Mercy, the present Dispensation may be of great Service to our Souls, and those happy Purposes which *Lazarus's* Case obtained.

You see then upon the whole, what a Resemblance there is between this Story of *Lazarus*, and the present melancholy Circumstances; and we plainly see that this, as well as other Parts of Holy Writ, are left upon Record, *That we through Patience and Comfort of the Scriptures might have Hope* ††, that God in his own Way and Time will turn every Event of Providence, however dismal and afflictive,

* Prov. xxii. 1.
|| Isaiah xl. 8.

† Ecclef. vii. 1.
** Ecclef. ix. 1, 2.

‡ John xi. 3, 6, 14.
†† Rom. xv. 4.
to

to his own Glory, and our own Advantage and Benefit.

But to proceed to the Text itself; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died.* They are the Words of *Mary*, a near and dear Relative of good *Lazarus*, and doubtless they were uttered in a Flood of Tears. *Mary* hears of Christ's coming, runs out to meet him, and cries out upon seeing of him: "Oh! if thou hadst been here, Lord, in
 " my Brother's Sickness; hadst thou but visitest his
 " dying Bed; hadst thou been so good and kind
 " as to have come when we sent for thee, my dear
 " Brother had been now in the Land of the Liv-
 " ing, and not dead in his Grave, as he is this Day.
 " O! unhappy Providence, O! hard Fate!"

In opening the Words, *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*, and this as agreeable as possible to the present Occasion, we shall consider the following Things.

I. Consider the Person that uttered the Words;
Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died.

II. Enquire into their Import and Meaning.

III. Apply them to the present Mournful Occasion.

I. We are to consider the Person that uttered the Words; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died.*

And, *First*, She was a near Relative, one of the Sisters of *Lazarus*; whether there was any Relative nearer, or above one so near, we cannot say for Certainty; but we cannot gather so much as any Hint from the Story, that there were any more Relations than *Mary* and *Martha*: And, therefore, it is highly probable that *Lazarus* only left these two disconsolate Mourners.

Secondly, The Person who spoke the Words of our Text, was one who had an Interest in the Love of Christ together with her Brother and Sister. *Now Jesus loved Martha, and her Sister, and Lazarus* *. Happy Person to be beloved by *Christ* ! and, O ! blessed Family, though but small ; but Three in the Family, (for we have an Account of no more), and all Objects of a Redeemer's Love. Well might they dwell together in Unity, and part with Grief.

Thirdly, She was a great Lover of Christ herself : This she made manifest, not in Words only, or in some smaller Proofs of Respect ; but in such an open and costly Manner, as filled some with Astonishment, and others with Envy †. She was not only greatly beloved by Christ ; but she was one who endeavoured to make a suitable Return of Affections.

Fourthly, And lastly, the Person who uttered the Words of our Text, was one of singular and eminent Piety. It is said of her, that while her Sister *Martha was cumbred about many Things, she sat at Jesus Feet, and heard his Words* ‡. *Mary* seemed to love Religion above every Thing besides ; and as some among those who are truly good, exceed others, so she exceeded her Sister in her Love to Devotion. Thus much for the Person who uttered the Words of our Text : We pass on to enquire

II. Into the Import and Meaning of the Words ; *Lord, if thou badst been here, my Brother had not died.*

And, *First*, They are expressive of *Mary's* great Sorrow at the Death of her Brother. The Words intimate what a Weight of Grief she felt, at the parting with so dear a Relative. Hence we may remark, 1. That Death was in itself very awful :

* John xi. 5.

† Mat. xxvi. 6. — 13. John xii. 3.

‡ Luke x. 38. — 42.

Though

Though it is the last Enemy of the Believers, it is by no Means the least. We should never hear of Death, but with Reflections of the deepest Seriousness, and with an earnest Concern to prepare for our last Change. 2. Death is much more terrible when the Blow comes Home to us, especially into our Families to take away our nearest and our dearest Relatives. Sometimes *Death comes into our Windows, and enters into our Palaces, to cut off the Children from without, and the young Men from the Streets* *. And how does Death wound us at such Seasons! It is observable that *Mary* does not say, *Lord, if thou hadst been here, Lazarus had not died*; no, but *my Brother* had not died: Intimating, how great her Affliction was. The Desire of her Eyes was now taken off with a Stroke; and there were many Reasons for her Distress. One might be, that the Name of their Family would be for ever lost, seeing her Brother, in all Probability the only Person who could keep it up, was now silent in the Grave. Another Spring for her Grief, might be the Memory of her Brother's Goodness in Life; who knows what Service he had been to them, during his Stay with them, both as to Spiritual and Temporal Affairs? And then *Mary* might have her Sorrows the greater, from thinking what Comfort and Usefulness *Lazarus* might have been to them if his Life had been spared. She might, perhaps, promise herself great Things; build great Dependencies on the Continuance of her Brother's Life; but now all her Hopes were at an End; and in this Respect *his Love was perished* *.

But, Secondly, The Words, *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*, plainly shew *Mary's* Faith in Christ, weak and feeble as it was; and that in these two Respects, 1st. She believed

* Jer. ix. 21.

† Eccles. ix. 6.

that Christ was able to have saved her Brother from Death ; and therefore her great Lamentation was that Christ did not visit them before her Brother died, and thereby have prevented his Death. She believed that if Christ had been with her Brother, though on a sick and dying Bed, that *Lazarus* would surely have recovered, Death's Message had been stopped and her Brother's Life preserved. 2d, *Mary's* Faith shewed it itself in her not doubting of the Sincerity of Christ's Affection to the Family : She was firmly persuaded that Christ's Love to them was so great, that had he vouchsafed a Visit to them, their Brother would have been restored, it is to the Honour of God and Christ, and it is to our own unspeakable Comfort, when we can believe the Unchangeableness of God's Love, however Things may seem to go against us as to Providence. This is, as the Apostle speaks, *against Hope believing in Hope* *.

But, *thirdly*, As *Mary's* Faith appeared in the Words ; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died* ; so her Unbelief also shews itself, 1st, In her imagining that Christ could have saved her Brother from dying, if he had been present with him in Sickness ; but could not as easily save him from Death in Absence. *Mary* ought to have believed, that as Christ was the Son of God in Truth, *was the Brightness of his Father's Glory, and the express Image of his Person* † ; and *had the Fulness of the Godhead dwelling in him* ‡ ; so he could put forth his saving Power at one Place, as well as at another, as well at Distance as in Presence. How prone are we to limit the holy One of *Israel* ? God reproves *Sarah* for a like Defect of Faith, to that which *Mary* is here guilty of. *Is any Thing too hard for the Lord* || ?

* Rom. iv. 18.

† Heb. i. 3.

‡ Col. ii. 9.

|| Gen. xviii. 14.

Sure it was as easy for Christ to have recovered *Lazarus* at some Miles Distance, as at his Bed-side! How sadly did *Mary* fall short of the Centurion's Faith! *Say in a Word*, says he, *and my Servant shall be healed**, before Christ had entered his Doors. 2d, The Unbelief of *Mary* is discovered in her being in a Sort of Despair, that Christ would raise her Brother; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died.* As much as if she had said, "Alas, "Lord, you are come too late to do us any "Good, as to the Life of our Brother: He has "been dead these four Days, your Visit now is all "in vain." But, instead of addressing Christ in this Language of Unbelief, she ought rather to have approached her Lord in Words to this Purpose: "Lord, although thou wert not pleased to "come to us when the Message was brought to "thee of our Brother's Sickness, and though I and "my Sister *Martha*, are in the deepest Sorrows on "on account of the awful Breach Death has made; "yet as all Power in Heaven and Earth is thine, "and as thou art the Prince of Life, and hast "the Keys of Death, I am fully persuaded, that "if thy Sovereign Will and Pleasure thought good, "thou can'st as easily raise our Brother from the "Dead again, as thou couldest have rebuked and "called off the the Distemper before it had pro- "ceeded to Death; and, therefore, with humble "Submission, might not such an Act of Almighty "Power, and Infinite Goodness, as raising our "Brother from the Dead, redound to thine own "Glory, as well as to the unspeakable Joy and "Comfort of us, his disconsolate Mourners?" I say this Language had been more suitable for *Mary* to have approached Christ with; but as there is nothing of this Sort mentioned by her, we have

* Luke vii. 7.

no Reason to think she had any Apprehensions of Christ's raising her Brother from the Dead; but on the contrary quite despaired of it. *3dly*, And lastly, As to the Unbelief implied in *Mary's* Words, we plainly see that her Faith ran low, as to the Doctrine of God's Decrees: Her Faith was sadly deficient in not looking there so much as she ought to have done. She did not consider, that nothing could fall out without the Will of the sovereign Disposer of all Things. The Decrees of God is an Article of Faith with the Godly; *seeing God declares that he works every Thing after the Counsel of his own Will* *. As, therefore, Christ had not come when sent for, and as the Sickness of *Lazarus* had ended in Death, *Mary* ought to have acquiesced, as knowing it was the Will and Pleasure of God. She would not have uttered herself in the Manner she did, if she had but duly considered that our Lord *Jesus Christ*, did not come into the World to alter any of his Father's Designs and Determinations. Christ tells us, that *he came down from Heaven, not to do his own Will, or the Will of any other, but the Will of him that sent him*, meaning his Father †. When the Petition was moved for *Zebedee's* Children, that *one should sit on Christ's Right Hand, and the other on his Left, in his Kingdom* ‡; Christ returns Answer, *Ye know not what ye ask—it is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father* ||; as much as if Christ had said, "I am come to act according to my Father's Will in all these Things, and not to break in upon any of his Decrees." *Mary's* Faith in this Point, ought to have taken Refuge and Ease, where *Job's* did; who speaking of God, says, *He is in one Mind, and who can turn him? And what his Soul de-*

* Eph. i. 11.

‡ Matt. xx. 20.

† John vi. 38.

|| ——— 23.

*fires, even that he does ; for he performs the Thing that is appointed for me ; and many such Things are with him **.

Fourthly, And lastly, As to the Import and Meaning of the Words ; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died* ; there seems to be contained in them too much of rash Reflexion, and groundless Surmises. For, 1. There seems to be in the Expression a secret Accusation of Christ, as being negligent, unconcerned, or unkind, not only to their Brother, but to the whole Family, in Christ's not coming upon their sending for him. One would be apt to think by *Mary's* Way of addressing, that Christ was in Fault in not saving her Brother from Death, or that Christ was accountable to her for his Conduct. Surely some such Language as this, would better have suited her ; " O, my Lord, " how have I longed to see you, and how highly " am I favoured with this kind Visit from you, in " the Time of this awful Affliction." But instead of this, on her first Sight of Christ, she opens her Mouth in Frowardness and Discontent, as well as Grief and Distress. In Effect, 'tis as if she had queried her Lord in this Manner : " How is it, " Lord, that we who have so much loved Thee, " who have been so desirous of seeing Thee, and " who imagined ourselves to be so happy as to " have a Place in thy tenderest Affections, should " be so long, and so much forgotten ? " Surely, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, was not treated by her with sufficient Deference and Respect. It fell very little short of charging Christ foolishly. But, 2. Her groundless Surmises appear in her having too much Dependence on the bodily Presence of Christ. This favoured *of knowing Christ after the Flesh*, rather than after the Spirit †. We

* Job xxiii. 13, 14.

† 2 Cor. v. 16.

may be ready to think with *Mary*, that had we Christ in Person, Things would have gone much better, and turned out much happier than what they are or have been; but let us consider that Christ's Power is not in the least diminished by Absence, or increased by his Presence. Christ and his Perfections are always the same. *3dly*, And lastly, There was too great a Discovery of Presumption in *Mary's* saying, *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*; she had no Assurances, had Christ visited *Lazarus* in his Sickness, that Christ would have healed the Distemper, and have restored her Brother. It is plain she had no Promise from Christ, that if he had come to *Lazarus* in his Illness, his Life would have been prolonged; seeing Christ did not design a Visit to them, till after *Lazarus* was dead. And, therefore, we see her Conclusion, that Christ would have saved her Brother's Life, was without Foundation.

It is very remarkable, that both *Mary* and *Martha* use the same Words to Christ, upon their first meeting of him; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*, says *Martha* *; and, *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*, says *Mary*. One would think they had been conferring, and agreeing together about their Manner of Address, as their Words were not in the least various. Perhaps, therefore, it may not be useless to enquire into the Reasons, why both of them, *Mary* and *Martha*, should so readily cry out; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*. And, 1. Such a way of addressing Christ might be so ready to their Lips, from yielding too much to Unbelief. *Mary* and *Martha* might doubtless suppose it much easier to save Life than to give Life; much easier to raise a Person from a Bed of Sickness, than to restore a

* John xi. 21.

dead Man to Life again. But however agreeable such a Way of arguing as this may be to carnal Reason, yet it is very criminal to think after this Manner concerning Christ, with whom, considered as God, nothing is too hard, but all Things are alike possible. 2. *Mary* and *Martha* might each of them utter themselves in this Language; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*; from an Ignorance that Christ had ever wrought such Miracles, as raising Persons from the Dead. They had very likely, both heard and seen Christ's Power in healing the Sick; but, perhaps, they had never any Account of Christ's calling any out of their Graves. They judged of Christ's Ability by what they had known to be put forth in Miracles, and no further; and no Wonder then that they bespeak Christ in such a Manner, as shews they had no Hopes of their Brother's being raised again. 3. *Mary* and *Martha* might bespeak after this Sort; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*; from an Apprehension they might have, that Christ if he had come when sent for, would have used his utmost Interest with his Father, that *Lazarus* should not have died. They knew *that the effectual fervent Prayer of a righteous Man availeth much with God**, and as they were convinced of Christ's Affections to their Brother, they easily supposed that if Christ had but visited them, before their Brother's Decease, that Christ would have wrestled hard at the Mercy Seat, and have prevailed with God for *Lazarus's* Recovery. 4. They might cry out; *Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died*; from looking too much to outward Means; which is very often the Fault of many a good Person, according to which they are either too much lifted up, or too sadly dejected: They are ready to say when Provi-

* James v. 16.

dences run smoothly, with too great an Elevation of Soul, *all these Things are for us*; but when Providences look clouded and dark, they cry out in the Bitterness of their Spirit, *all these Things are against us*. Mary and Martha might think; O! if Christ had but come when our Brother was Living, how promising would Appearances have been in our Favour; but instead of this he is now come to visit us just after our Brother's Death; O! how dismal a Circumstance is it? It seems as if all Means must be denied that might have prolong'd our Brother's Life. 5thly, And lastly, Mary and Martha might conclude, that if Christ had visited their Brother on a Bed of Illness, his Life had been continued; not only from Christ's Power to have healed their Brother, Christ's great Interest with the Father, and his Love to the whole Family, and in particular to *Lazarus*; but they might also conclude, that Christ would have restored *Lazarus* from the moving Circumstances of Sorrow, in which Christ had he come before their Brother's Decease, would have found them. Oh! they might be ready to cry out, *If Christ had but visited us in our Brother's Sickness, our grievous Distresses for him on Account of his Life being in Danger, our Agonies and Pains, joined with our fervent Intreaties to Christ, on our excellent Brother's Behalf had surely prevailed on Christ to have pitied us, and recovered our Brother. The tender and compassionate Jesus, had he been present, could not but have relieved such heavy Sorrows.*

Thus I have endeavoured to point out the Reasons, why Mary and Martha so readily bespoke Christ with; Lord, if thou hadst been here, our Brother had not died. What remains for farther Discourse is,

III. And lastly, To apply what has been said to the Case before us. And, 1. We may observe that those who are near and dear to Christ, may,

may, and must meet with Affliction, and at length go through the Valley of the Shadow of Death*. *Lazarus* was a Person, as the Evangelist tells us, beloved by Christ. Now *Jesus* loved *Martha*, and her Sister, and *Lazarus* †; yet *Lazarus* thus beloved by Christ, was taken Sick, the Distemper increased, and in a few Days it ended his Life. Not only those who are highly distinguished by God, as the God of Nature and Providence, who have the Favour of restraining Grace given them; who are the Delight of all their Friends and Relatives; I say, not only these, but even such as shine in true Godliness, and real Piety, and are the high Favourites of God, are subject to the Afflictions, Diseases, and Miseries of this present Life, as well as the rest of Mankind; nay, very often those who are most beloved of Heaven, drink deepest of the Cup of Sorrow. *They*, meaning the Wicked, *are not in Trouble as other Men*, that is the Righteous; *neither are they plagued like other Men* ‡. So far you see are good Persons from having the least Afflictions, that they have really the most; but remember it is only in this World. 2. We may farther learn that good People may, and will lament the Loss of their godly, near and dear Relatives. How great were the Sorrows of *Mary* and *Martha*, on Occasion of their Brother's Decease. When *Paul* took his last Farewel of the Church at *Ephesus*, *they all wept sore, and fell on his Neck, and kissed him* †; but observe what was the great Cause for their Grievs, *sorrowing most of all for the Words which he spake, that they should see his Face no more* ||. Oh! the last Adieu to those whom we dearly loved, is very distressing, very hard to be born. 3. Though good People may be allowed to mourn over the

* Psal. xxiii. 4.

† Acts xx. 37.

‡ John xi. 5.

|| ————— 38.

† Psal. lxxiii. 5.

Death of their near and dear Relatives and Friends, yet they may be immoderate in their Sorrows; their Affections, perhaps, may rise too high for their Faith. Few there are that can go as far as patient *Job*, who said, *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord* *. We are to keep in Mind in all our Grief, that Advice which the Apostle gives, *that they who weep are to be as those who weep not* †; and in our Lamentations over our Godly deceased Relatives; *we are not to sorrow, even as others, which have no Hope* ‡. 4. We may remark from what has been offered, that those who are truly gracious, are too prone to look to second Causes, and to depend too much on outward Means. *Oh!* they are apt to say, *if this Thing had been try'd, and that Thing omitted, Matters would have turned out much better*; but by thus distressing ourselves, we not only add Affliction to our Bonds, but we seem to have forgot divine Providence; it has quite slipt our Minds that God our great Sovereign, orders all Events according to his Counsel and Decrees; so that the Means as well as the End, the Cause as well as the Effect, are laid out and appointed by him: So that instead of distressing our Souls in the Manner I have been mentioning, we ought to say of Means and End; *all this is the Will of God, and in Humility and Obedience we will acquiesce in it, and say, the Will of the Lord be done* §. 5. We may from the foregoing Discourse infer, that the best of Christians in this Life, have a Mixture of Nature as well as Grace; Flesh as well as Spirit; the old Man as well as the New; Unbelief as well as Faith. This *Mary* and *Martha* abundantly shewed, Good and Godly as they were. Though the Saints Faith never fail, yet it often

* *Job* i. 21.
 † *Acts* xxi. 14.

‡ *1 Cor.* vii. 30.

§ *1 Thess.* iv. 13.

runs low. *Lord, I believe, help thou my Unbelief* * ; and, *Lord, increase our Faith* † ; are Prayers that well become our Lips. Perfection, I mean absolute Perfection, we never shall find below. 6. We may take Notice from what has been delivered, that the Faith of true Christians may not only discover itself more at one Time than at another ; but that their Faith is sometimes greater, and sometimes less upon the self-same Heads and Articles of Religion. We find this to be a Truth in the Instance of *Mary* before us ; very likely when *she poured the Box of Ointment on Christ, and wiped his Feet with her Hair* ‡, she entertained very high Thoughts of Christ's having all Power in Heaven, and in Earth, but she seems in the Words in our Text, as we have been shewing, to be strangely diffident on this Head. We find a like Case in the Disciples of our Lord ; one while they believe and are sure, *that he is the Christ, the Son of the living God* || ; and at another Time they appear to be sadly wavering on this Point **. *Peter's* Faith was strong in Christ, when he said *thou art Christ the Son of the living God* †† ; but yet presently Christ sees need to give him a severe Rebuke ; *get Thee behind me, Satan, thou art an Offence unto me ; for thou savourest not the Things the Things that be of God, but those that be of Men* ††. Who could have imagined that one and the same Man, almost at one and the same Time, could have spoken so much in Opposition to himself ? 7. We may observe from what we have heard, that some godly Persons may much excel others in some, and yet may be but equal, if not inferior to them, in other Respects. *Mary* so much exceeded her Sister *Martba* in Devotion, that Christ highly com-

* Mark ix. 24.

† Luke xvii. 5.

‡ John xi. 2.

|| John vi. 69.

** Luke xxiv. 21.

†† Matt.

xvi. 16.

†† Mat. xvi. 23.

mended *Mary*, and as severely reprimanded *Martha* *. And as to *Mary's* Zeal, Love, and Bounty to Christ, they went not only farther than her Sister's ever did ; but also much beyond what any Person's Zeal, Love, and Bounty ever went toward Christ, that is recorded in Scripture : Upon which Account Christ has fixed her up, as it were, as a Monument to After-Ages : *Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole World, there shall also this, that this Woman has done, be told for a Memorial of her* †. But notwithstanding all this, *Mary* was not in the least superior to her Sister in the Case before us ; for both *Mary* and *Martha* express themselves exactly in the same Language to Christ. Nay, what is more, we do not find that *Mary* ever expressed her Faith in Christ, in so strong a Way as what *Martha* did ; *but I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee* ‡ ; and presently she says, *Yea, Lord, I believe, that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the World* ||. 8. And lastly, we may gather from the whole of the Story of *Lazarus*, that the Lord is very merciful and gracious, slow to Anger, and of great Kindness **. He is a God that not only bears with his People's Infirmities, and Lowness of Grace, but he forgives their Iniquities, pities their Souls, and remembers they are dust ††. *Mary* and *Martha* very strangely addressed Christ, yet Christ loved them still, and we see in the End, brought out their Comfort and Joy, as well as his own Glory, from that Dispensation. What a merciful High-Priest have the People of God ! *He has Compassion on the Ignorant, and those that are out of the Way* ‡‡. *He neither breaks the bruised Reed, nor quenches the smok-*

* Luke x. 39—43.

† John xi. 22.

†† Psal. ciii. 11.

† Matt. xxvi. 13

|| John xi. 27.

** Joel ii. 13.

‡‡ Heb. v. 2.

ing Flax *; but like a Shepherd, he gathers the Lambs with his Arm, and carries them in his Bosom, and gently leads those that are with Young †. Christ strengthen's the weak Hands, and confirms the feeble Knees †. He turns not the Lame out of the Way, but leads them in the Paths of Righteousness for his Names Sake ‖. He is better to his People than their Fears or their Faith, and does for them exceeding abundantly above all that they ask or think **. He brings Sweetness out of Bitterness, Light out of Darkeness, and Joy out of Sorrow. Oh! then let us cast our Burden upon the Lord, believing that he will sustain us ††; and still trust that we shall see his Goodness in the Land of the Living ‡‡. All Things work together for Good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his Purpose ‖‖.

Having now finished what I had to offer from my Text; Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not died; I hope no one will make any Exceptions if for once, especially, as it is on so extraordinary an Occasion, I should step out of my usual Practice, and speak something by way of Character of the Deceased: hoping that what I may say on this Head may be to the Honour of God, and the Profit of us all, as well as the Comfort of the near and dear Relatives of the Deceased.

I might spare myself the telling you that setting aside an infirm Constitution, God had in the Gifts of Nature, as they are generally called, distinguished our Friend in a particular Manner: Neither is there any Occasion to acquaint you of his moral Character, either as to the negative or positive Part of it. You can all bear Witness that he was free from the common Vices of the Age, and Place

* Isaiah xlii. 3.

† Psal. xxiii. 3.

†† Psal. xxvii. 13.

† Isaiah xl. 11.

** Eph. iii. 20.

‖ Rom. viii. 28.

† Isaiah xxxv. 3.

†† Psal. lv. 22.

where

where he lived : Who can charge him with Prophaneness, Debauchery, Swearing, Lying, Defrauding, Sabbath-breaking, Disobedience to Parents, or any of those notorious and scandalous Sins of the Age? And as to the positive Part of his moral Character, who that was acquainted with him, but must readily acknowledge that he was very constant, as well as very earnest in his Attendances on the Word and Worship of God, exceeding dutiful to his Parents, sober, gentle, meek, and of good Behaviour in the Sight of all Men ; on which Accounts, as he was belov'd in Life by those who knew him, so in Death he was generally lamented.

But what is more than all this amounts to, he appeared to have the Grace of God in Truth, and that in no common Degree ; for he was a great Lover of Religion, and good Men ; took great Delight in reading the holy Bible, and other Books of Devotion, in which, as well as in the other Duties of a Christian, he laid out much of his Time, and that to his unspeakable Advantage ; for his Knowledge and Improvements were daily growing, in the Mysteries and Ways of Godliness. He was very humble, and very jealous over himself ; he met with many a fore and uncommon Temptation ; but bore up against them all with great Patience to the last. Not many Days before he left this World, I had, according to his Desire, some private and close Conversation with him, wherein he discovered a deep Sense and Hatred of Sin, like the great Apostle ; *Oh, wretched Man that I am, who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death* * : And at the same Time he gave Evidence that he had that Dependance on Christ, which the Apostle mentions ; *but what Things were Gain to me, those I counted Loss for Christ* † — *that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having my own Righteous-*

* Rom. vii. 24.

† Phil. iii. 7.

ness, which is of the Law; but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the Righteousness which is of God by Faith*. And our deceased Friend at the same Time declared his hearty Resignation to the Will of God, whatever the Consequences of his Sickness might be.

In a Word, the latter Part of his Life, I mean many Months before his Death, was almost all filled up with holy Meditation, and Conversation, and that with a strong Desire *to make his Calling and Election sure* †; as though he had known how short his Time in this World would be. What glorious Ground for Hopes have we that before this Time *he has had an Entrance ministred to him into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ* ‡.

Upon the whole then we have the highest Reason to say, that the Memory of a Life so pious, and exemplary, reflects not only the greatest Honour on the Family, to which he was related, and the best of Comforts to his sorrowing Parents; but also gives a Credit to this Congregation, a Glory to this Neighbourhood, and an Ornament to the present Age: And, Thanks be to God, (I speak it with the highest Joy) it gives a Seal to my Ministry, which, as the Deceased himself told me, was made of great Service to him in various Respects.

And, O! while we lament his Death, on account of the great Loss we have thereby felt, let us not forget to rejoice in his unspeakable Gain! And, God grant, that all of us, particularly those of my young Hearers, might this Day be so effectually awakened, that from henceforth we may resolve through Divine Grace, to enter on a Life of such exemplary Religion, as we have been shewing you; that so when we are called away by Death from this World, we may leave a Savour of Religion behind us, and may enter into the

* Phil. iii. 9.

† 2 Pet. i. 10.

‡ 2 Pet. i. 11.

Joy of our Lord ; where we shall have all Tears wiped from our Eyes, as we trust they are from those of our deceased Friend.

To close up all, Let us not sorrow as those that have no Hope of seeing him again ; for those that sleep in *Jesus* shall ere long be raised again, shall appear with *Jesus* in Glory at the last Day, *and so be for ever with the Lord**. Therefore let us all, but especially you his dear and tender Parents, be comforted with these Words†. *Amen and Amen.*

* 1 Theff. iv. 17.

† 1 Theff. iv. 18.



AN

A N

E L E G Y

Sacred to the Memory of

Mr. *WILLIAM BELDAM.*

With some other POETICAL PIECES on the
same Occasion.

By *THOMAS GIBBONS, Jun.*

— Ob ! si longa dies, et adhuc si cernere vultum,
Beldamique frui congressu, fata dedissent
Mollia ; sed mediâ cecidere abrupta juventâ
Gaudia, florentesque manu scidit Atropos annos,
Qualia pallentes declinant lilia culmos ;
Pubentesque rosæ primos moriuntur ad austros ;
Aut uti verna novis expirat purpura pratis.

STATIUS.

A N

Y G L F

M. WILLIAM BEDDAM

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
Natural History
Department for the
Study of the History of
Man and his Works

BY THOMAS GIBSON, Esq.

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A N

E L E G Y

Sacred to the Memory of

Mr. *WILLIAM BELDAM.*

THE Muse, that once in Raptures us'd to pay
To *Florio's* Ear the Tribute of her Lay,
That strung her warbling Lyre, and swell'd
her Voice

Of sacred Friendship to resound the Joys,
To those bright Seasons bids a long Farewel,
And *Florio's* Death demands the sounding Shell ;
See her abandon'd to a wild Despair,
With flowing Eye-lids, and disorder'd Hair,
Approach the Dead, and o'er his Ashes moan
In Floods of Sorrow, and in Lengths of Groan.

Ah ! what is Life, that Mortals rate so high,
In nothing solid, but in Misery.
A Flow'r that with the Morn expands and blooms,
But droops and withers ere the Evening comes ;
A shooting Meteor blazing on the Sight,
But quickly vanish'd in eternal Night ;
Not Whirlwinds sweeping o'er the Ocean's Face
On fiercer Pinion urge their rapid Race ;

Not Shadows, on an *April's* show'ry Day,
Swifter along the verdant Landskip play,
Than Life flies off: This thy Duration, Man,
A Worm thyself, thy Being but a Span.

But if this narrow Term to *Some* should fall,
'Tis not the undistinguish'd Doom of *All*;
Heav'n sure at least to seventy Years will save
Young *Florio's* Worth from the voracious Grave:
His Mind with Nature's amplest Gifts possess'd,
And with the Flames of pure Devotion bless'd,
Was made for shining Service to Mankind,
And therefore for a Length of Life design'd;
For Heav'n that forms a Sun to gild our Way
Hides not his Beam till he has roll'd his Day.

Illusion all! — the Bolts of Fate are hurl'd
In one promiscuous Ruin round the World;
Saints, Sinners, Sages, Youth, when comes the Hour
Alike must yield to Death's resistless Pow'r:
This *Florio* proves; a lifeless Clod he lies,
But late how beauteous! how divinely wise!
How can these Orbs the dismal Scene survey,
Nor melt themselves in briny Show'rs away?
Oh infinite Distress! that Brow which wore
Beauty in all its glowing Charms before,
Now with a deathful Pale affrights the View,
And Purples spot it with their dusky Hue:
Those Eyes, that once with pleasing Lustre shone,
Like Pow'r and Goodness beaming from a Throne,
No longer roll, for o'er their swimming Sight
Fate throws the Mantle of impervious Night.

'I lift that dear Right-hand which us'd to join
With all the Flame of mutual Love to mine,
Then, with a Sigh, the tender Clasp I give,
But, ah! no more the tender Clasp receive,

So fast has Death in adamantinè Chains
Lock'd up the motive Pow'rs, and bound the Veins.

And can I then suppose, my Passion cries
In sounding Groan, *that there my Florio lies?*
But vain's the Speech, and vain's the sounding Groan,
Florio's a breathless Corpse, nor hears the Moan.
Not the big Billow bursting on the Shore,
Nor the wing'd Thunder with its boundless Roar,
Should their joint Pow'rs incessant Tempest keep,
Could rouse my *Florio* from his iron Sleep;
Not Friendship's self can swell so loud a Breath,
To pierce his Ear, and rend the Seals of Death.

But should the Ear awake to Life again,
Still if the Tongue is bound, 'tis all in vain.
That Tongue, which while with soft Address it
charm'd,
The marbled Soul into Devotion warm'd,
Prophaneness stood abash'd, or disappear'd,
And feeble Virtue strengthen'd as she heard.

Run back, my Soul, to Scenes of Pleasure past,
Gay Golden Scenes, (O! did they ever last!)
When on celestial Themes we pass'd away
The circling Hours, and charm'd the livelong Day:
Now, rising on sublime triumphant Wings,
We trac'd Salvation to its ancient Springs,
How, long ere Time shot forth, or Worlds began,
Heav'n glow'd with Purposes of Love to Man:
But to rebellious Seraphs chain'd their Doom
To Dungeons of Despair and endless Gloom.
In vain we aim'd th' immeasurable Grace,
And all Conception whelm'd beneath the Praise.

Emerg'd from thy Profound, Eternity,
Our Faith on *Jesus* fix'd its wond'ring Eye.
Joyful we saw him leave the Realms of Day,
And shrowd his God-head in a Veil of Clay:

We

We mark'd his Life through all its changing Road,
Where wept the Manhood, and where beam'd the
God,

We trac'd his Duty to his Father's Will,
And saw him ev'ry Righteousness fulfil.
But when we climb'd the Brow of *Calvary*,
And there, extended on the painful Tree,
Beheld our Lord encounter, and expire
Beneath the Vengeance of Almighty Ire,
Vengeance, that else had on our Race been thrown,
And whelm'd us in eternal Ruin down
With Grief and Joy at once our Bosoms fill'd,
And Grief and Joy in trickling Drops distill'd,
Grief, that for us the God of Glory groan'd,
And Joy, to see immortal Guilt aton'd.

From *Calvary* our Contemplations rose
T' attend the illustrious Conqu'ror as he goes
In dazling Splendors, and triumphal State,
On Heav'n's high Hills t' assume his blissful Seat :
Ten thousand Cherubs bore the Pomp along
With Harps of golden String, and hymnal Song,
While Death and Hell bound to the rolling Car,
Foam'd in their Chains, and bellow'd in the Rear.

Nor ceas'd our Transports here : The Father sees
The Son returning from his Victories,
And hails him welcome : *Justice* now no more
Or darts her Flame, or bids her Thunders roar,
But, recompenc'd with Blood, the Surety spilt,
Smiles on the Rebel, and absolves his Guilt :
Mercy, before in Clouds of Night conceal'd,
Stands forth in all her radiant Charms reveal'd,
Forbids the Sinners Groans, and dries his Tears,
And points his Eye to Wounds the Saviour wears :
“ Those Streams, cried she, that issu'd from his Side,
“ *This* watry, *That* with bleeding *Crimson* dy'd,

" Will all the Tempest of thy Fears controul,
 " And heal the raging Anguish of thy Soul :
 " The *Blood* relieves from conscious Guilt within,
 " And *Water* washes from the Stains of Sin.
 " Nor is redeeming Grace vouchsaf'd alone,
 " In yon blest'd World see a refulgent Throne,
 " Robes of imperial Light, a starry Crown,
 " And Realms of fadeless Glory all thine own,
 " And there thy God shall o'er thy Soul display
 " His blissful Beam, and pour eternal Day."

Thus *Mercy* sang, while we attentive stood,
 And drank the silver Accents as they flow'd ;
 Raptures beat high in every circling Vein,
 And scarce our Bosoms could our Joys contain.
 What Man just plunging in infernal Fires,
 Snatch'd thence to shine among th' ætherial Choirs ;
 His Soul once drench'd in Sin, his Flesh a Clod,
 Shall they enjoy an Heav'n, and dwell with God ?
 Stupendous Thought, where's the seraphic Eye
 That can presume to grasp a Pitch so high,
 Or where's the Mind of such capacious Mould
 As can this vast Immensity unfold ?
 Reason in vain projects her scanty Line
 To sound the Fathomless of Grace Divine.

But while my Friend and I transported ran
 O'er all the Scenes of heavenly Love to Man,
 'Twas not enough in gen'ral Views to roam,
 But our Eye turn'd in strict Survey at Home,
 Ardent to know if we might find a Place
 Amongst the Triumphs of Almighty Grace.

" If, argu'd we, our worthless Names are grav'n
 " Amongst the Sons of God, and seal'd for Heav'n,
 " If *Jesus* pour'd for us th' atoning Blood,
 " And quench'd the kindled Vengeance of our God,
 " If

“ If everlasting Glories shall unfold,
 “ When Life its destin’d Round of Years has roll’d,
 “ We must be freed from Sin’s tyrannic Reign,
 “ Deny its painted Charms, and break its Chain,
 “ A Purity must shine through ev’ry Part,
 “ Life its fair Current, and its Source the Heart;
 “ And though, encumber’d with these Loads of Clay,
 “ Heav’n’s high Demand we cannot hope to pay;
 “ Yet to Perfection’s Heights we must aspire,
 “ The past Improvement leave, and pant for high’r.
 “ And are we then, our mingling Voices cry,
 “ Invested with the Robes of Sanctity?
 “ O can we once to Holiness attain,
 “ That golden Link of the celestial Chain,
 “ This, of all other Bliss assures the Mind
 “ Or that which lies before, or rolls behind.”

As thus sweet Meditation wrought within,
 We vow’d a brave, a full Revenge on Sin,
 Against infernal Legions took the Field,
 Scorn’d all their Flatt’ries, and their Darts repell’d,
 And now, for Heav’n the sacred Flame inspir’d,
 Our Bosoms with sublime Devotions fir’d:
 Devotion, that from Earth’s base Dreg refin’d,
 Transform’d, and stamp’d for Heav’n th’immortal
 Mind;
 Devotion that our fault’ring Steps could aid
 Through Life’s rough Maze, and Death’s tremendous
 Shade,
 Till, every Burden, Toil, and Danger past,
 We reach’d at our eternal Home at last.

Thus did my *Florio*, and his happy Friend,
 And many a Morn, and many an Ev’ning spend;
 Witness, thou Sun, far-flaming Eye of Day,
 Witness, thou Moon, that shed’st a nightly Ray;
 And witness all ye golden Lamps that roll
 Your ever-burning Circles round the Pole;

How

How oft you saw us rove the spacious Plain,
 Proud in its waving Ranks of mellow'd Grain,
 How oft we climb'd the Mountains steep Ascent,
 How oft adown the Vale's Recesses went,
 And there with large Discourse on Theme sublime
 Vast and immortal fill'd the rolling Time.

Form'd each to each, by Harmony divine,
 How did our Souls in dear Embraces join?
 Present, what glowing Rapture fill'd the Heart,
 How swift to meet, but, Oh! how loth to part:
 And when to painful Distance we withdrew,
 Still still the dear lov'd Image stood in View;
 And oft the Letter pictur'd out our Thought,
 And sacred Sense and kindest Wishes brought:
 Each sev'ral Passion that our Souls could boast,
 Seem'd in the Gulph of sacred Friendship lost.
 So various Streams devolve their humid Train,
 And rush and roll in one unbounded Main.

A Friendship founded on *Religion's* Base,
 And such, O *Florio*, once our Friendship was,
 Rises and spreads by wonderful Degrees,
 Bright and more bright with ev'ry fresh Increase,
 Till, aided on by more than mortal Hands,
 Sublimely great the growing Structure stands;
 Its Height unbounded till its Columns rise,
 And lift the last great Topstone to the Skies.

But tho' such holy Union nobly rears
 A glorious Temple that transcends the Stars,
 Yet soon as Death from his tremendous Caves
 Hurls out his Thunders, and in Tempests raves
 Around the Pile, the stately Pillars shake
 Down to their Base, and with a mighty Crack
 We see the Frame dissolve, the Building fall,
 And one immense Destruction level all.

E

Such

How

Such is the Desolation I bemoan;
 For, Oh! my *Florio's* Friendship's overthrown,
 And lies engulph'd in Death. How can I see
 And live against such vast Calamity?
 How can these hard, these unrelenting Eyes
 Survey so wild a Wreck of Miseries,
 And still retain their visionary Light,
 That rather should extinguish at the Sight
 In Floods of Woe? Unparalell'd Distress!
 How shall I half the Pangs of Grief express?
 And yet methinks I'm stubborn'd into Steel,
 Or sure a keener Anguish I should feel,
 In Peals of Groan the Lungs had now been spent,
 And ev'ry Heart-string had in Torture rent.

Florio, O where shall I thy Spirit find,
 What Region holds thy now unfetter'd Mind?
 This ghastly Remnant of Mortality,
 I cannot, will not once pronounce it thee:
 I want the Soul, the meek, devout, and wise,
 Nor can the Garment for the Man suffice.
 O whither's flown that intellectual Flame,
 Once tenanted in this corporeal Frame?
 'Tis not extinguish'd, such an heav'nly Ray
 Eludes Death's pointed Shaft, and Time's Decay,
 And Reason staggers at the shudd'ring Thought
 That Souls should be expung'd and sink to nought.
 If then 'tis plain, that still my Friend's alive,
 Oh! where does the dismantled Soul survive?
 Tell, tell me, Angels, which the happy Place
 Throughout the broad Immensity of Space?

Sometimes awaking at the early Dawn,
 Pensive and sad, I range the dewy Lawn;
 The Sun emerging from the Eastern Main,
 With streaming Splendors dyes th'ætherial Plain,

The smiling Landskip glitters in his Ray,
 And universal Nature hails the Day :
 But ah ! in vain to me is Morn's Return,
 My *Florio*'s absent, and his Friend must mourn.

Returning Home, I to my Closet go,
 And hope some tuneful Page will ease my Woe ;
 Pleas'd I attend, while *Johnston* tunes the Lyre,
 Rise in his Flights, and kindle in his Fire,
 If *Casimire* in Lyric Measures sings,
 My Heart beats Rapture to the Poet's Strings.
 In *Watt*'s immortal Ode I soar away,
 Through Fields of Azure, and empyrean Day :
 But if across this Extasy of Soul
 The dark Idea of my *Florio* roll,
 The Joys that tow'r'd so high, that beam'd so fair,
 Sink but the deeper Plunges in Despair.

Oh ! where's my *Florio* then demands my Soul ?
 I'll tempt a Journey to the farthest Pole,
 O'er burning Defarts, and thro' frozen Seas
 I'll urge my Way to rush to his Embrace,
 Did they contain my Friend — But, lo ! I see
 A Seraph Wing from Heav'n : she wings to me.
 'Tis FAITH, a Telescope her Right-hand fills :
 How swift she glides adown th' ætherial Hills !

“ All Hail, Celestial Form ! ” “ All Hail, she
 cries,

“ Thy *Florio* dwells in yon sublimer Skies,
 “ I saw him mounting on the starry Road,
 “ By Angels guided to his blest'd Abode ;
 “ Soon as arriv'd, his Saviour full of Charms,
 “ Hail'd the young Saint, and clasp'd him to his
 Arms,

“ With gentle Hand he wip'd the brimming Tear,
 “ Hush'd ev'ry Sigh, and scatter'd ev'ry Fear,

“ Told him, nor Sin, nor Hell should vex him
more,

“ Those restless Troublers of his Peace before :

“ No, here, cry'd he, thou shalt for ever shine,

“ All Heav'n's Infinitude of Bliss is thine ;

“ At my Right-hand fresh springing Pleasures roll,

“ Full as thy Wish, and sacred as thy Soul,

“ For endless Love maintains the Springs below,

“ Hence Joys for ever rise, and Streams unwasted
flow.”

As *Faith* rehears'd th' applauding *Euge* giv'n
To my lov'd *Florio* from the Prince of Heav'n ;
At once my Bosom ceas'd to heave with Woe,
My Looks to languish, and my Eyes to flow ;
My Heart exulting cast its Load of Pains,
And the dull Lyre resum'd triumphant Strains.

So when the Mid-night from its dusky Womb
Spreads her thick Clouds, and wraps the World in
Gloom,

A sable Horror blots the azure Skies,
And in each Shade a Spectre seems to rise,
But when the Sun reveals his new-born Ray,
And o'er the Æther pours the flooding Day,
Wide Heav'n repurges from its misty Stains,
Sweet balmy Light invests the spacious Plains,
And blooming Plenty smiles, and boundless Plea-
sure reigns. }

ASCENT from EARTH.

JUST as young *Florio* left his Clay,
Rapt on a Seraph's Plume away
Swift thro' th' ætherial Blue,

Half-

Half-pausing in the Mid-way Sky,
On Earth's huge Globe he glanc'd his Eye,
And took his last Adieu.

" Dark Dungeon of the Heav'n-born Mind,
" Where damp'd, dejected, and confin'd,
" I spent my mortal Date ;
" Loud Hallelujas shall ascend,
" When thy dissolving Frame shall rend,
" Whelm'd in the Blaze of Fate.

" Thou art the Field where once I wag'd
" The doubtful War ; old Satan rag'd,
" And shot infernal Flame,
" Nor were thy Snares, base World, unknown,
" But now I smile triumphant down,
" And shout the long Acclaim.

" Arm'd with the Spirit's flaming Sword,
" My Shield, Recumbence on my Lord,
" My Helmet, Hope divine,
" I turn'd your formidable Force,
" Urg'd irresistible my Course,
" And now the Palm is mine.

" Earth, Satan, all at once, adieu ; —
" But downward as I cast my View
" What melancholy Trains
" With Eyes that run excessive Woes,
" Fierce Shrieks, and wild despairing Throws,
" Hang o'er my pale Remains.

" Dumb stands my Sire in wild Excess
" Of inconsoleable Distress,
" How deep my Mother's Moan !
" She faints, despairs, — my dear lov'd Friend
" O'er my dead Earth I see him bend
" And burst into a Groan.

" Think

" Think, think, how glorious my Exchange

" Here unrestrain'd I feel, I range

" Immortal Life, and Day ;

" Guilt, Darkness, Vanity, and Woe

" O'er all your wretched World below

" Extend their iron Sway.

" From all corporeal Fetter free,

" My Soul exults in Liberty,

" And spreads her Pow'rs abroad ;

" Celestial Convoys, lend your Wings,

" Refound my Joys from all your Strings,

" And waite me to my God.

ENTRANCE into HEAVEN.

FLORIO had scarce pronounc'd the Word,
Ere *Gabriel* clapt his Plume, and soar'd

High o'er the Hills of Light,

Wide all below bright *Æther* lay,

And now the vast *Empyrean* Day

Broke on their ravish'd Sight.

High on a Saphir Throne, whose Rays

Far round the Skies effus'd their Blaze,

Th' Almighty Father sat ;

Hoary Eternity stood by,

And wide-display'd before his Eye

The Rolls of future Fate.

There *Jesus* fill'd his glorious Seat,

In whose amazing Person meet

The Maker, and the Man ;

A Rainbow o'er the Arch of Heav'n.

Fair Pledge that Guilt was all forgiv'n,

In Streams of Glory ran.

Angelic

Angelic Flames encircling round
 With ardent Joy, and Awe profound,
 Their Hallelujas sung;
 Unbodied Saints tun'd high their Strains,
 And o'er the wide rejoicing Plains
 The loud Hosanna rung.

Their Bosom heav'd no boding Sigh,
 Nor trembling Fear bedew'd their Eye,
 Nor Anguish rack'd within;
 Each was from mortal Bands enlarg'd,
 Each was from mortal Pains discharg'd,
 And wash'd from ev'ry Sin.

Now o'er their Harps of tuneful Gold
 They o'er Creation's Wonders roll'd,
 And now redeeming Grace
 Demanded their sublimest Praise;
Aside the God his Glory lays,
And bows to save our Race.

Florio drunk in the vast Delight,
 And now he stretch'd his final Flight,
 And join'd th' unnumber'd Throng,
 The Seraphs shouted high their Joys,
 And Saints essay'd to try their Voice
 In more exalted Song.

Fain would the Muse have track'd his Road,
 And enter'd the supreme Abode,
 But thrice forsook her Aim;
 Pensive she flutter'd down the Skies
 And back to Earth with doleful Sighs,
 And trickling Griefs she came.

And now where-e'er her Footstep roves
 By crystal Streams, or vernal Groves,
 In plaintive Notes she sings;

But

But still at Times her Hope aspires
That she shall reach the heav'nly Choirs
And touch th' eternal Strings.



A Mid-night Thought.

I.

Happy Spirit! gone above
To the Element of Love;
Happy Spirit! near the Throne,
Wrapt in Extasy unknown;
I an happy Spirit too,
Could I share the Joys with you.

II.

Spirit mounting like a Flame,
Flesh descending whence it came,
Here I languish Life away
In a Sepulchre of Clay;
Dead without, alive within;
Half is Mind, and half is Sin.

III.

You that fill th' empyrean Sphere
Living, loving, shining there,
Speak if ever Gloom of Night,
Hung your Skies, and blank'd your Sight;
Death, remove the Veil away,
Be the Visions endless Day.

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